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THE SWIMMER

Screenplay by

ELEANOR PERRY

Based on the story by

JOHN CHEEVER

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FADE IN:

ECU

The back of a man's bare heels. He is standing upright and the heels fill the frame. They seem so enormous -- two vaguely rounded shapes close together -- that we don't know what we are looking at.

CAMERA HOLDS on the heels for a full establish. Suddenly they leap upwards out of frame, we catch a flashing glimpse of a man's body stretched out horizontally and pointed downwards as he hits the water. Now that the heels are no longer blocking our view, we see a regulation length swimming pool. The man is swimming a rapid, choppy crawl away from us. CAMERA HESITATES for several seconds (long enough to reveal the idyllic country setting which surrounds the pool), then CAMERA LEAPS up and forward as if in pursuit of the swimming man. CAMERA (shooting down from above) manages to overtake the man as he reaches the far end of the pool. The man ducks under and kicks away in a well executed racing turn. During this maneuver, CAMERA HOLDS, SWIVELS and, as the man kicks off on the return lap, CAMERA again TRACKS him from above. As the man begins his second lap and CAMERA STARTS to MOVE in pursuit:

TITLES BEGIN

NOTE: Titles will be in reverse of the normal order, with final title being the name of the film.

Throughout titles, the man is swimming rapidly from one end of the pool to the other. Simultaneously, CAMERA is TRACKING from above, sometimes descending for a CU of the man's face (we hear his deep, strong, regular breathing), sometimes pulling back for a FULL SHOT of the man's body. (We see the controlled splash of his powerful kick.)

At each turn, CAMERA, as indicated above, HOLDS, SWIVELS and KICKS OFF with him.

Title sequence should give us the feeling that we and the CAMERA are active participants in the physical act we are observing. *

On penultimate title, CAMERA RACES ahead of man as he nears the end of the pool from which he dove at the beginning. CAMERA SETTLES into position at the edge of the pool to await him.

The man bursts from the water facing us, heaving half his body into the air. Simultaneously flashing on the screen is our final title:

THE SWIMMER

The man is breathless and gasping and smiling directly at us -- a wide open-mouthed, exuberant grin as he swallows air.

FADE FINAL TITLE

He sinks back into the pool treading water as the hand of another man reaches into frame and gives him a martini on the rocks. We can sense the swimmer's deep pleasure as he drinks the icy gin. He floats on his back to finish the drink, looking up at the sunny summer sky, clear except for a strand of cumulus cloud in the west. Finally the glass is empty. He swims to the side of the pool, puts the glass down and heaves himself easily and gracefully out of the pool.

His name is Ned Merrill. He is a tall well-built handsome man in good physical shape whose age could be anywhere from 38 to 48. His face and his body, naked except for swimming trunks, seem still young. Perhaps the idea of youth is accentuated by his total enjoyment of the swim and the drink, his great good humor, his spring step as he walks across the grass towards a group of three people, also in bathing suits.

Dream
Lucinda

One of them, lying flat on her back on a beach towel set out in the sun, is his wife Lucinda. She is a small woman with a good figure and a serious but pretty face. She is in her late thirties. She has smooth brown hair and is wearing a brief two piece bathing suit. Her eyes are closed and her face and body glisten with sun tan oil.

Ned crosses to her. He smiles fondly down at her. He sits.

NED
(softly)
Thou art beautiful, O my love --

Water drips from his hair and body onto her shoulder. She opens her eyes.

NED
(he puts his hand on her belly)
Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies.

Lucinda reaches up and gently brushes some drops of water from his cheeks. They smile at each other. After an instant, Ned rises and crosses towards the other two people who are sitting in aluminun garden chairs under a flowered umbrella. They are the Merrill's hosts, Donald and Helen Westerhazy. They are about the same age as the Merrills, pleasant looking people enjoying a lazy Sunday afternoon in spite of suffering from hangovers. Both of them are deeply tanned in contrast to the pale skins of the Merrills.

In the background across the wide lawn and well tended shrubbery stands their large house.

Ned picks up a towel and dries his face and hair vigorously.

HELEN
I don't know where you get the energy.

Ned grins and refills his Martini glass.

DONALD
I couldn't swim the width of the pool -- way I feel now.

NED
It's great! The water's great!

DONALD
I drank too much last night.

HELEN
So did I. I drank too much of that rum.

LUCINDA
We all drank too much.

NED
(to the others)
She means me.

HELEN
Oh, don't be silly --

NED
(lightly)
Lucinda talks in silent parenthesis -- after every sentence there's a bracketed unstated statement. "We all drank too much, parenthesis, but that lush of a husband of mine drank the most of all," close parenthesis.

HELEN
Neddy, you didn't!

NED
I passed out, didn't I?

DONALD
What else was there to do? Rotten party.

NED
Terrific running into Stu Forsburgh though. Haven't seen him since we were kids -- not once in all these years. Recognized him right away!

LUCINDA
Why not? He looks like a twelve year old with jowls.

NED
Went to camp together in Vermont. Green River Camp. I remember the water was a sort of -- of light green and it -- it felt different. Stu and I used to take off our trunks and swim for miles up that river. God, the condition we were in! Before we'd ever touched a drink or a cigarette --

DONALD

Or a girl!

LUCINDA

That doesn't sap a man's strength.

NED

Parenthesis or my husband would be in a wheel chair today, close parenthesis.

LUCINDA

Can't you ever stop boasting?

HELEN

(quickly)

The Grahams want us to drop over to their pool for a swim later.

DONALD

Why should we go to their pool? We have our own pool.

HELEN

Theirs is newer.

DONALD

A pool's like a dress to her. She wants a new one every season.

A boy of about 16 has come out of the house and across the lawn towards them. He is dressed in tennis whites and carries a racket. At this moment he reaches them.

LUCINDA

Hi Wally!

WALLY

How are you Mrs. Merrill?

(he shakes hands with Ned)

How are you Mr. Merrill?

HELEN

Off to your game?

(Wally nods)

WALLY
(to Lucinda)
How're Ellen and Aggie?

NED
They're playing tennis
at our house. Why don't
you join them?

Lucinda and Helen exchange glances

Wally
(puzzled)
Well, I thought that --
well, I didn't know that --

LUCINDA
He's got a date, Ned.

NED
(to Wally)
Take your date with you.
The girls'll give you a
good doubles game. They're
damn fine players.

WALLY
(politely)
Oh, I know --
(he's eager to
be off)
Well -- so long --

Wall runs down the drive.

HELEN
(calling after
him)
Have fun, dear --

LUCINDA
What in the world got into
you?

NED
(confused)
What?

LUCINDA
Telling him to go over to our
house?

NED
(not getting her
complaint at all)
What?

HELEN
(quickly)
What do you say? Shall we
go over to the Grahams for
a while?

NED
(suddenly, his
total attention
on her)
Hey, did you say the Grahams
have a pool?

HELEN
Finished two days ago.

☆ Ned is thinking hard about something. A far away look has come into his eyes. A pause.

NED
Listen, the Biswangers have
a pool, don't they?

DONALD
Biswangers?

NED
(to Lucinda)
That couple who keeps asking
us to dinner and we never go?

HELEN
Oh! Those horrible people
on Maple Hill Road!
(to Donald)
She wears a blonde wig and
he's an attorney --

DONALD
Sure, they have a pool.

A pause. Ned is thinking hard.

NED
(quietly)
I could do it.

Gossipy type that Eleanor loved

HELEN

A dandelion-yellow wig! Even when she's in a bathing suit! And everyone knows he's an ambulance chaser --

LUCINDA

We always turn down their invitations but they keep asking us and asking us --

Ned is absorbed in his own thoughts. Suddenly he lets out a whoop of triumph.

NED

I could do it! I could really do it!

DONALD

Do what?

NED

Now with the Grahams there's a string of pools that curves clear across the county to our house!

LUCINDA

So what?

NED

Listen --
(he counts carefully on his fingers) (3)
(2) The Grahams, the Westons, the
(4) Lears, the Bunkers. (5) Then I
make a portage through the
Pastern's Riding Ring to
the Levys. (6) Then the (8)
(7) Hallorans and the Sachs and
the Gilmartins. (9) Then I
cut up Alewives Lane to
(10) the Biswangers and then,
uh -- wait a minute --
who's next? -- uh -- wait
a minute --
(he is thinking hard)
Uh -- uh, oh yes, Shirley (11)
Abbotts --

LUCINDA
Interesting lapse of memory.

NED
What?

LUCINDA
Interesting lapse of memory.
(Ned looks puzzled)
That you couldn't think
whose place is next to the
Biswangers --

NED
I said Shirley Abbotts!

LUCINDA
But you had to stop and think.

Their eyes meet. Ned looks down again at his fingers.

NED
Then I have to cross Route
424 to the Recreation Center ⑫
Pool, then up the road to
⑬ the Hammars, then the Crosscups, ⑭
⑮ and last the Clydes. That's
the way it goes, isn't it?
Am I right?

HELEN
Who are the Clydes?

NED
New people on our road.

LUCINDA
New? They bought that house
three years ago and they
don't have a pool.

NED
(stricken)
God, that spoils it.

DONALD
Spoils what?

NED
I've been figuring -- if I took a dog leg to the south west I could swim home.

LUCINDA
What do you me. swim home?

NED
Pool by pool. Don't you see? They make a sort of stream -- a river all the way to our hose.
(he smiles fondly at Lucinda)
I'll name it after you, my love -- I'll name it the Lucinda River!

*

DONALD
The Lucinda River?

NED
(leaping up, happily)
My contribution to modern geography!

He dashes to the pool and dives in in one long unbroken movement.

HELEN
The way he hurls himself into that pool!

LUCINDA
He has contempt for anyone who doesn't.

DONALD
(groaning)
If only I hadn't drunk so much last night!

He rises to refill his glass from the Martini pitcher. The women hold theirs out too.

Ned reaches the far end of the pool and hoists himself exuberantly over the curb.

HELEN
Look at him! Never uses the ladder, does he?

LUCINDA
God no!

Ned is striding hurriedly away across the lawn.

LUCINDA
(calling)
Where're you going?

NED
(not breaking his
stride, calling
back to her)
I'm going to swim home!

DONALD
(shouting)
Hey! Ned! For Pete's sake --
(Ned keeps on
going)
Ned!

Ned disappears through the shrubbery that separates the Grahams' house from the Westerhazys.

DONALD
(to Lucinda)
He'll be back -- he's just
joking --

HELEN
He'll be waiting for us at
the Grahams.

LUCINDA
(airily)
Sure, he's just joking.

P She takes a long drink. Donald and Helen exchange glances. *

CUT TO:

(THE GRAHAMS

Ned crosses a short stretch of lawn to the pool. Betty Graham is in the pool. She is tanned, a little plump, in her early forties. She has the same sort of baby-girl face she must have had at age five, and later when she takes her bathing cap off we see that her hair is parted at the side and held back with a bobby pin as it has been all her life. When she sees Ned she screams delightedly "Neddy! Neddy!" swims towards the side of the pool, climbs out and gives him a hug. She takes off her bathing cap.

BETTY
We've been waiting for you! Where are the others?

NED
Lying around.

BETTY
They're coming over, aren't they?

NED
In a little while.

He walks to the edge of the pool and surveys it.

BETTY
Well, what do you think?

NED
Beautiful.

BETTY
Do you really like it?

NED
I'm crazy about it.

BETTY
What do you think of the shape?

NED
I love the shape!

BETTY
But -- do you notice anything?

At this moment Howard Graham comes from the direction of the house carrying a newly filled ice bucket. He wears swimming trunks, has a small paunch, balding head and a look of prosperity about him. He is forty five.

HOWARD

Hi Ned!
(puts the bucket
down, claps Ned
on the back)
How are you? You look great, boy!

BETTY

(to Howard)
Did you reach the McNallys?

HOWARD

Can't come. They've invited people over to their pool.
(to Ned)
Where's Lu? Don and Helen coming?

NED

Soon as they cure their hangovers.

HOWARD

Jesus, I drank too much last night.

BETTY

Every Saturday night.

HOWARD

(seeing Ned looking
at the pool)
Nice huh? What do you think of the shape?

NED

Very graceful --

HOWARD

Yeah, but -- do you get the message?

NED

Well it's -- it's different --

HOWARD

It's the shape of a B! See!

NED

By God!

HOWARD

Cost a little more but what the hell! I had it put in for her. It's her birthday present.

(Betty hugs her husband)

HOWARD

(to Betty)

Don't forget, comes November 20th you've had it.

BETTY

Don't be so mean!

HOWARD

Mean?

BETTY

You're going to give me a little token present on the day, aren't you?

HOWARD

(to Ned)

Listen to her!

BETTY

After all the pool's for the whole family. Just something little, just for myself?

HOWARD

(winks at Ned)

Yeah, a little diamond or a little fur coat -- ! What're you drinking Ned?

NED

Nothing for me thanks, I --

HOWARD

The hell with that. You've got to have a drink! Gin and tonic?

NED

Well -- okay.

Howard mixes the drinks.

BETTY
(indicating the pool)
Isn't it wonderful? Now we don't have to depend on invitations from our friends.

HOWARD
(at the drink tray)
Trouble is if everyone gets a pool we'll never see anyone. They'll all stay home by their own pools. Like television. Our social life is wrecked.

BETTY
(anxiously)
Sure the others are coming Ned?

NED
They said so.

BETTY
Good. And the Hollises ought to be here any minute --

Everyone has a gin and tonic. Ned raises his glass.

NED
Happy swimming!

They drink.

HOWARD
(to Ned)
Why didn't you ever put a pool in at your place?

NED
(shrugs)
Never got around to it.

HOWARD
Too bad. Helps the resale value of a house --

NED
I don't have to worry about resale value --

HOWARD
(quickly)
Course not. That's a great place you've got. All the planting you put in and the tennis court -- you're going to get a hell of a lot more than you paid for it --

NED
If I ever sell it. I want the girls to be married in that house.

* Helen gives Howard a look.

HOWARD
Oh -- uh -- well I guess that'll be a while yet --
(he laughs)
Unless they're child brides.

BETTY
They're pretty enough to be. How is Aggie, Ned?

NED
Both great. They're home playing tennis.

HOWARD
But I thought she was --

BETTY
* (with a hush up glance at her husband)
I'm glad. I'm terribly glad. I'll tell Jeanie to call them up. She's having a little party -- would they come?

NED
Sure. Why not?

BETTY
I'm glad they don't feel -- basically, they're such darling girls --

Pause. Betty and Howard cast about for something to say.

HOWARD
God, it's great to see you
Ned, old boy.
(to Betty)
Isn't it great to see him?
(to Ned)
You look wonderful.
(to Betty)
Doesn't he look wonderful?

BETTY
Ned's a good-looking guy --

HOWARD
Yeah, but I mean -- I mean
he looks better than ever.

Ned smiles and stretches. He's enjoying the sun and the drink. Another awkward pause.

BETTY
(stretching out too)
Gosh --

HOWARD
(nervously)
What?

BETTY
Gosh, it's a glorious day.

HOWARD
Yeah --
(gestures towards
the west)
Don't like the look of that
cloud.

BETTY
Oh it's not going to do anything.
(pause)
If I ever saw a perfect day,
this is it.

Another pause. Then we hear the sound of a car coming up the graveled driveway. Someone blows the car horn. Betty and Howard leap up, relieved.

BETTY
It's the Hollises!

She runs towards the driveway. Howard jogs after her. Immediately Ned puts down his glass and dives into the pool. He swims the length rapidly with a short choppy crawl, hoists himself out at the curb and trots off. We can hear voices from the driveway but no one is yet in sight.

CUT TO:

#4 THE WESTON'S KITCHEN

Large, well-equipped, shiney clean. An Irish couple in their sixties are watching a baseball game on TV. She is still in her cook's uniform, sleeves rolled up, neck unbuttoned. He is in white shirt and dark trousers, his white houseman's coat slung over a chair. They are both drinking beer. They speak with decided Irish accents.

The baseball announcer's voice stops as he waits for a play. In the silence the sound of someone plunging into the swimming pool can be clearly heard through the open windows. The man looks at his wife, startled.

HE

Hear that?

SHE

Someone's in the pool.

He crosses quickly to the window from which there is a clear view of the pool. We see Ned swimming vigorously. During the following we cut back and forth from Ned to the couple in the kitchen. The baseball game continues in the background.

HE

It's Mr. Merrill.

SHE

Mr. Merrill!

(she crosses to the window and peers out)

Helping himself to the pool. They'll have a fit.

HE

Don't tell them.

SHE
(indicating Ned)
I suppose you're on his
side!

HE
I like him.

SHE
Well, I'm on their side.

HE
He's got manners -- not like
some of their phoney friends.

SHE
Manners! I suppose you'd
invite the devil over here
as long as he said "please"
and "thank you"!

HE
Mr. Merrill's a gentleman --
that makes him okay with me.

Ned has hurled himself out of the pool. There is a trampoline on the wide well-clipped lawn. He leaps up and down on it exuberantly.

SHE
Look! They'll have a fit!

HE
No they won't because you're
not going to tell them.

She gives him a look and a sniff, crosses back to her chair in front of the TV set.

Ned leaps off the trampoline, runs across the lawn and disappears. The man picks up his bottle of beer and goes back to his chair in front of the TV set.

CUT TO:

#5 THE LEARS

Ned is turning up a graveled driveway. At the entrance is a sign: "Private Property" and a green tube for the New York Times. Lettered on the tube is the name "Lear". He walks a short distance up the drive, cuts across the lawn and towards the back of the house. We can hear spashing and the voices of two girls.

When he comes to the pool we see the girls. They are both in their late teens. One has short blond hair and is leaping up and down on the diving board. The other one is in the pool.

The blond girl waves to Ned.

NED
Hi Muffie!

MUFFIE
Hi Mr. Merrill.

NED
Parents around?

MUFFIE
They're at the Club.

She dives into the pool. The other girl has reached the ladder and is climbing out. Her long brown hair is plastered to her head, her eyelashes are stuck together in little points. She wears no make up and her perfect willowy body is shown off by a brief bikini. She smiles happily at Ned, her cheeks dimpling, her teeth white and even. Water is running in rivulets down her face and body. She looks like a young mermaid newly risen from the sea.

NED
(astounded)
Julianne Hooper!

JULIE
How are you Mr. Merrill?

NED
(staring at her
with delight)
I can't believe it! You're
all grown up!
(another flashing
smile from Julie)
How come we never see you
any more?

JULIE
I guess you don't need me any more --

NED
Of course we need you Julie -- we're always looking for a baby sitter --

JULIE
(with a reproachful laugh)
Oh Mr. Merrill!

She picks up a towel and starts to dry her hair. Ned watches every move she makes with intense pleasure.

NED
Matter of fact, I think there's a problem about next Saturday night -- we're supposed to go -- I forget where -- you busy Saturday night?

JULIE
No but --

NED
Okay, you're hired. Still live in the same place?

JULIE
Yes but --

NED
I'll pick you up at seven.

JULIE
(laughing and frowning)
But --

NED
What's the matter?

JULIE
You're putting me on, aren't you?

NED
No, I'm not --

JULIE
A baby sitter! What will Ellen and Aggie think?
(she laughs again)
Anyway I don't do baby sitting any more --

At this point there is a shout from Muffie still in the pool.

MUFFIE
At last! I'm parched!

A tall boy, about sixteen, in bathing trunks is coming from the direction of the drive carrying a large brown paper bag. He comes up to them)

JULIE
Mr. Merrill, this is my brother Vernon.

Muffie has come out of the pool. She takes the bag from him and puts it on the table.

NED
Your brother!

VERNON
(shaking hands with Ned)
We met a couple of times -- you used to drive over to pick up Julie.

NED
(to Julie -- gesturing the height of a small boy)
But your brother was --

VERNON
(with a grin)
Yeah --
(proudly)
And I'm still growing.

He crosses to Muffie who is taking cold bottles of coke out of the bag.

NED
Julie, I can't get over you. How old are you now?

JULIE
Almost nineteen.

NED
Still going to school?

JULIE
(shakes her head)
I've got a job --

MUFFIE
(calling)
Want a coke Mr. Merrill?

NED
Sounds great --

He and Julie join the other two. Vernon hands them each an opened bottle. The four of them sit beside the pool.

MUFFIE
(to Ned)
I'm sorry Mother and Daddy
aren't here --

NED
Doesn't matter -- I'm just
swimming home --

MUFFIE
(laughing)
Swimming home?

NED
I was at the Westerhazys and
I figured out I could swim
all the way to my house.

VERNON
That's more hiking than
swimming --

NED
Not hiking exactly. Portaging.
From here I go to the Bunkers,
then a portage through the
Pastern's Riding Ring, then
the Levys, the Hallorans and
so on. The way I've got it
~~mapped~~ out, I have to swim through
fifteen pools to get home.

Vernon and Muffie exchange amused glances as if Ned is off his rocker. Julie sees them and reacts indignantly.

JULIE
I think that's a brilliant idea!

MUFFIE
It's okay -- if you like long walks --

JULIE
I like long walks!

NED
Why don't you come with me, Julie?

Julie hesitates.

NED
Come on! This is a great day! This is the day Ned Merrill swims across the county!

JULIE
All right -- I will!
(she puts her coke down and jumps up, smiling at Ned)
Let's go!

Ned rises and drains his coke bottle. He is overjoyed.

NED
Race you!

They take running dives into the pool and race to the other end. Ned wins. They hoist themselves over the curb, dripping and laughing. Julie's sandals are there. She slips her feet into them and they start off, running over the rest of the lawn and down a slope to a narrow country lane.

Ned and Julie are walking down the lane. There are a few marigolds blooming in the grass and weeds along side of the lane. Ned stops.

NED
(almost to himself)
Funny --

JULIE
What?

Dream
nfamiliar
Time

NED
Don't usually bloom till much
later.

He picks a half dozen and hands them to Julie shyly like a country boy to his girl.

JULIE
(smiles with
pleasure)
Lovely -- the colors!

They walk a little further in silence. Ned's eyes are on Julie, constantly admiring her. She catches him looking at her. She smiles.

NED
So glad I found you Julie.
Makes me feel -- good.
(she smiles her
agreement)
Mustn't lose each other --
ever again.
(he laughs)
You were just a freckle-
faced little kid!

JULIE
I was deep though --

NED
Deep?

JULIE
I mean I -- suffered inside.

NED
You did? How come?

JULIE
(hesitates, then with
a shy sidelong glance)
I used to have a big crush on
you --

NED
Did you Julie?

JULIE
Oh I was mad about you. Out of my head.

NED
(terribly pleased)
I didn't know --

Last Montage

JULIE
If Mrs. Merrill called me to baby sit -- even if it was the last minute I'd cancel out whoever I promised and come to your house!

NED
You must have lost a lot of customers that way!

JULIE
I didn't care. All I cared about was seeing you. Honestly, I'd spend an hour getting myself fixed up to go to your house. My mother thought I was nuts --

NED
You always looked cute --

JULIE
You never noticed. I was just a kid to you but you were a -- a god to me.

NED
(enormously pleased)
Now you're putting me on!

JULIE
Oh I was really crazy in those days. Know what I'd do after the girls were asleep? I'd go up to your room and open your closet and touch your suits, then I'd go in to the bathroom and smell your shaving
(MORE)

JULIE (Cont'd)

lotion. Then one time -- oh this is a terrible thing to admit --

NED

Tell me --

Not Montage

JULIE

I stole one of your shirts!

(she gives him a sidelong glance; he laughs happily)

When I was doing my homework up in my room I'd put it on. It made me feel as if you were all around me.

NED

(his spirits soaring)

Julie, I -- I didn't know --

JULIE

Then when you'd drive me home late at night I'd pretend all sorts of things --

NED

What?

JULIE

That we were insanely, desperately in love. But we were doomed because you had a family and you believed in duty and honor. Then, finally, when I couldn't stand it any longer I'd go away to Paris, and try to forget. And I'd look all thin and gaunt with haunted-eyes and everyone would know there was a tragic mystery about me. And no matter how many men begged me I'd never marry. And then, years later, I'd be in some famous nightclub in a fabulous Paris gown and I'd see you at the door -- tall, distinguished, a little gray at the temples --

Fantasy

Ned gestures at his temple where his hair is indeed turning gray. Julie nods solemnly.

JULIE
(continuing)
-- and you'd look at me across this whole room full of people and I's stand up. Suddenly there'd be a hush and everyone's eyes would be on me. And then I'd just float towards you --
(she stops abruptly)

NED
And then what?

JULIE
(with a shrug)
That's all.

NED
(with a wild surge of happiness)
Julie I -- I don't know what to say!

JULIE
(laughing)
I was a crazy kid!

6 During the last few exchanges we have been hearing the sound of voices and laughter refracted from the water of a pool nearby. They have gradually grown louder. The Bunkers' pool is in a hollow below them, still hidden by trees and underbrush. They have turned off the lane and are descending a steep slope to the terrace -- a short cut rather than going around to the house.

JULIE
The Bunkers must be having a party!

At the bottom of the slope they see the terrace, crowded with people, most of them middle-aged, many of them in bathing suits, all drinking. Only one person is in the pool -- a man floating on his back on a rubber raft. Everyone looks chic and prosperous and deeply tanned. White-coated waiters are passing trays of icy drinks. Ned surveys the scene with glowing affection.

NED
(almost to
himself)
How bonny are the banks of
the Lucinda River!

JULIE
What?

NED
I knew we'd find friends
all along the way.

His spirits have soared during the conversation with Julie. His life seems as sunny and full of promise as this summer afternoon. He is up and excited during the entire scene at the Bunkers.

As he and Julie approach the terrace a woman screams joyfully and rushes up to Ned. She is Enid Bunker, about forty, sleek and handsome.

ENID
Look who's here! What a
marvelous surprise. When
Lucinda said you couldn't
come I thought I'd die!

She flings her arms around Ned and kisses him. When she releases him she looks cooly at Julie in her damp bikini.

NED
This is Julianne Hooper, our
baby sitter.
(Enid's lips
curl)
I lost her for a while but
I found her again.

ENID
How fortunate for you, darling.
Where's Lucinda?

NED
She'll be over in a little
(MORE)

NED (Cont'd)
while. You see, we were at the Westerhazys and I got this idea that I'd --

ENID
(taking his arm to propel him along)
Go on, you know where the bar is --

NED
I'd better not have a drink because I have to --

ENID
Not have a drink? Are you mad?

She gives him a little push and turns away to speak to someone else. Ned takes Julie's hand.

NED
One quick one -- to appease the natives, then we'll be on our way.

As they go through the crowd many of the men greet him enthusiastically, many of the women kiss him. He introduces Julie over and over again: "Julianne Hooper, our baby sitter". They react in various ways. Some of the men merely grin and eye her up and down. One, thin lipped and prissy, gives her a curt nod. A jollier one makes an oafish joke: "How would you like to be a man-sitter, honey?" etc. etc.

The women are either jealous, disapproving, or highly amused. Everyone asks: "Where's Lucinda?" and Ned continually answers "Be here in a minute".

At the bar the Bunkers' colored butler welcomes Ned warmly.

BUTLER
Mr. Merrill! How are you, Sir?

NED
How've you been, Stanley?
How's Helen?

BUTLER
Will she be glad to see you
Sir!

NED
Helen's my girl!

BUTLER
Yes Sir! What'll it be,
Sir?

Ned turns to Julie.

JULIE
Plain tonic, please.

NED
One gin and tonic. One
plain tonic.

A man of about fifty five, portly business-executive type comes up to the bar.

NED
(loudly, gaily)
Rusty! Rusty Towers!

RUSTY
(with enthusiasm)
Ned old boy!

They clap each other on the back.

NED
This is Julianne Hooper, our
baby sitter.

RUSTY
(politely but with
distinct reserve)
How do you do Julianne.
(he peers around)
Haven't seen Lucinda --

NED
She's coming. Listen, you're
(MORE)

NED (Cont'd)
just the man I want to talk to. You know how often I've -- I've threatened to make a new connection? Well the time has come, I'm just about ready.

RUSTY
Sure hope it'll work out, Ned --

NED
This is between you and me --

RUSTY
Sure.

NED
Wouldn't want anyone to know my plans until I've lined up exactly the right thing for myself, you understand?

RUSTY
(nods, then to the Butler)
Two Scotch and sodas, please.

NED
I've been wondering -- anything for me in your set up?

RUSTY
(his warmth fading)
I wouldn't know about that --

NED
A guy with my experience and qualifications -- I want you to tip off Widener that I might be available soon --

RUSTY
(eager to get away)
We've got a pretty tight ship at our place --

NED
He'll jump at the chance of getting me!

Rusty nods, starts to back off. Ned puts his hand on Rusty's arm.

NED
Of course I want to look
around first. As long as
I'm going to make a move --
I want it to be ideal --

RUSTY
(holding up the
two drinks the
butler has made)
Excuse me, Diane is waiting for
this --
(he turns and
vanishes quickly
into the crowd)

NED
(to Julie)
Rusty's a good old friend.
(he nods sagely)
I'll get a call from Widener
tomorrow, you'll see!
(he drains his
glass, snatches
Julie's hand)
Come on, we're going places!

He leads her towards the pool. They are stopped once or twice while Ned is greeted and kisses some more. Finally they dive into the pool. The man is still floating on his back on the rubber raft. He doesn't move nor glance her way as Julie swims past him. Ned stops along side of the raft, treading water.

NED
(loudly)
Buzz!! Hey, Buzz!

The man on the raft turns his head slowly and stares at him with glazed eyes. Obviously he is loaded.

NED
Know what day this is Buzz?
(Buzz looks infinitely
bored)
This is the day Ned Merrill
swims across the county! This
is the day!

Buzz turns his head away and closes his eyes. Ned laughs and continues across the pool. Julie is already climbing out. Ned hoists himself vigorously over the edge, grabs a towel, dries his face and hands, tosses it to Julie. He takes matches and a couple of cigarettes from a container on a table and again takes Julie's hand. Finger to his lips, with a sly backward look, he furtively leads her off. Julie giggles. Once away from the pool, they begin to run.

CUT TO:

Circle
no
time

THE PASTERNS RIDING RING

A small grassy ring neatly enclosed by a low white fence. Several low jumps set up at intervals. One or two trees just outside the fence. Far in the background, stables and a large house. No one is around. The sun is shining. It is a typical scene out of Country Life.

Ned and Julie are leaning on the fence, still smoking the cigarettes they took from the Bunkers. Julie's eyes shine as she surveys the Ring.

JULIE
If I had a place like this
I'd be riding today!

NED
Probably off at some show.
Very horsey people.

JULIE
I know. I spent a summer with
them up at Martha's vineyard.
Helped with the children.

Close
knit
community

NED
How did you like Ashey Pastern?

JULIE
Oh he was nice.

NED
Did you steal one of his
shirts too?

JULIE
Good heavens, no!

NED
What do you mean good heavens no?

JULIE
He wasn't my type.

NED
I was your type, huh?

JULIE
You were the most attractive man I ever laid eyes on. I mean, you *are*. I mean you still are a very attractive man, Mr. Merrill.

NED
(with pleasure)
Don't weigh five pounds more than when I graduated from Williams.

JULIE
(politely)
You're in much better shape than my father, for example.

Ned reacts to this comparison. He gives her a look. Then smiling to himself he unlatches the gate and walks into the ring. He places himself several yards away from a jump, dashes swiftly towards it and hurdles it gracefully. He turns towards Julie.

NED
(triumphant)
How about *that*?

JULIE
Fabulous!

NED
Come on -- try it!

She runs through the gate and towards him. He motions her down on one knee, finger tips to the ground, takes the same position himself.

NED
All set? GO!

They dash together towards the next jump and hurdle it in unison. Julie sails over her hair flowing out behind her. When they land they laugh delightedly.

NED

Another one?

She nods enthusiastically. Same business. This time when Ned lands he winces with pain and sits on the ground, holding his ankle.

JULIE

What's the matter?

NED

Twisted it.

JULIE

Oh I'm so sorry. Does it hurt much?

NED

Be all right in a minute.
(he stands placing his weight lightly on that foot)
Let's sit down for a while --

He hobbles a bit towards a place near the fence where the tree branches make a dappled patch of shade. Julie sits. Ned lies on his stomach his chin propped on his hands, his eyes enjoying her, by this time, adoring her.

NED

So you're not in the baby sitter business any more?

JULIE

(shaking her head)
I'm a secretary at Hill and Van Gorder. It's the biggest office supply company in New York.

NED

Funny -- I've never run into you on the train.

JULIE

I take the 7:22. I'm always the first one in -- so I make the coffee.

NED
Friendly office?

JULIE
(nods)
Two of the girls want me to get an apartment with them -- soon as we get our raises.

NED
Watch out! It's a big wicked city.

JULIE
I know! I've had some -- some experiences.

NED
Like what?

JULIE
Well one morning I was making the coffee and I happened to look out of the window. There's an apartment house across a little court and a man WAS standing in _his_ window.
(she pauses; then, dramatically)
He was _stark_ _naked!_
(her eyes are large, recalling the shock)

NED
(gravely)
What'd you do?

JULIE
I was _stunned!_ I just stood there _looking_ at him! And he stood there looking at _me!_ Then I turned my back and walked away. I haven't gone near _that_ window ever since.

NED
Lots of nuts around.

JULIE

Wait till I tell you what happened to me in an office building on Fifth Avenue! My boss sent me to deliver something in a hurry -- some kind of record books. I got into the elevator and pressed twenty six because I was going to the twenty sixth floor. Then a man got in and pressed twenty seven. Then the door closed and the elevator started up. This man came right over to me, put his arms around me and kissed me!

NED

(alarmed)

What'd you do?

JULIE

I dropped the record books.

NED

What'd he do?

JULIE

He picked them up for me.

NED

Then what?

JULIE

Then the door opened on the twenty sixth floor and I got out.

(she expels a breath thinking of her narrow escape)

Can you imagine? And he was middle-aged!

Ned reacts with a reproachful look which she doesn't notice. She uncrosses her legs and stretches her feet out in front of her. A small pause.

NED
(softly)
How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O prince's daughter --

JULIE
That's from the bible, isn't it?

NED
Song of Solomon.

JULIE
When I was a little girl in Sunday School they never mentioned that part of the bible.

NED
You still are a little girl in Sunday School.

JULIE
(laughing)
I am not!

NED
Thy navel is like a round goblet --
(he lays his hand lightly on her belly)
Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about tiwh lilies --
(Julie firmly removes his hand)
Why don't you want my hand there?

JULIE
Because --

NED
I wouldn't ever hurt you. I want to take care of you.
(he looks at her soberly)
I've been thinking -- I can meet you at the train in
(MORE)

NED (Cont'd)
the morning and take you to your office. Every day at noon I'll pick you up and take you to lunch. Then I'll come back and put you on the train at night. When you have to go on an errand you can call me and I'll go with you.
(his enthusiasm grows)
That's what we'll do! I'll protect you, Julie!

JULIE
(inching a little away from him)
Oh I don't think that would work Mr. Merrill --

NED
I won't let anything bad or mean or nasty ever touch you --

JULIE
Actually, I don't eat lunch very often. I need my lunch hour to get my hair done or shop -- things like that. And I don't go straight home every night. I mean, I have dates in town and go home later.

NED
(dazed)
Dates?

JULIE
With a boy in the office. We're a kind of steady thing --

NED
Are you going to marry him?

JULIE
We talk about it. I've already picked out my silver pattern --

Ned blinks and looks away from her. A pause. Finally, he rises.

NED
Better get going.

She doesn't
run away

JULIE
(rises)
How's your ankle?

NED
Seems okay.

He sets off limping slightly across the Pastern's riding ring. His face is rigid. He tightens his lips to keep them from trembling. Julie follows.

CUT TO:

7 THE LEVYS POOL

It is close beside the Levy's big house. All the doors and windows are open but there is no sign of life around. At one end of the pool is a gazebo hung with Japanese lanterns.

Ned and Julie are about half way across the pool. Ned is swimming rapidly. The exuberance with which he has traveled the length of each pool up till now seems to be somewhat flattened. Julie, taking it easier, is close behind him, enjoying the water.

At the deep end of the pool Ned hoists himself out but without his usual self-congratulatory pleasure at the feat. Julie follows. They cross to the gazebo. Obviously the Levys have only recently left. On the table are used glasses, bottles, an ice bucket and dishes of nuts and olives.

JULIE
They went off somewhere in
a hurry -- and left everything
-- Serendipity!

NED
Serendipity?

JULIE
It means finding something nice
when you're looking for some-
thing else.

NED
Like me finding you today.

Julie avoids his eyes.

JULIE
I'd like some plain tonic
please.

NED
Nothing in it?

JULIE
(shakes her head)
Or I'll just stagger back --

NED
Back where?

JULIE
If I don't get back to Muffie's
soon, Vernon'll drive home
without me and then I'll be
stuck.

NED
(apalled)
But we're going to swim the
county!

JULIE
(apologetic)
Gee I didn't realize it was so
far, Mr. Merrill --

NED
When we get to my house I'll
drive you home --

JULIE
(shakes her head)
My mother'll be furious if
I'm that late --

NED
(indicating the house)
Go inside and call her up.

JULIE
The whole family's coming over
to dinner. She's counting on
me to help.

NED
Don't go Julie -- please
don't --

JULIE
Gee, I have to Mr. Merrill --
(scanning the
sky)
It's getting a little cloudy
-- why don't you go back too?

NED
(quickly)
I can't do that. I made a
vow. This is the day Ned
Merrill swims across the
county.

JULIE
I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Merrill.

NED
Well sit down anyway --
finish your drink.

Julie sits tentatively on the edge of a chair. She sips her tonic. Ned senses she is eager to be off and looks at her reproachfully over the rim of his glass. There is a silence. Julie casts about for something to say.

JULIE
I just love those Japanese
lanterns, don't you?

NED
That shirt of mine, Julie --
do you still have it?
(she shakes her
head)
What happened to it?

JULIE
Oh -- after a while I decided
I was being a silly little
romantic kid -- I threw it away.
(Ned looks very hurt)
Do you mind? I mean you had
so many shirts I didn't think
you'd miss it or anything --

Suddenly Julie utters a little cry and leaps up.

JULIE

A bee!

NED

Don't pay any attention --
it'll go away --

JULIE

(panicky)
It's after me!

She dodges backwards, runs a few yards away. Ned leaps up and follows her. His hands swoop through the air around her trying to drive the bee off.

NED

(finally)
There it goes!

JULIE

(she is close to him, within the arc of his arms)
Gee, thanks Mr. Merrill --

Ned looks down at her. Suddenly his arms fold around her. He presses her tightly against his chest and kisses her. Julie struggles in his grip, finally she succeeds in turning her face aside.

NED

Julie -- Julie -- Julie --

She breaks away from him and runs to the shallow end of the pool, she picks up her sandals, dashes off across the lawn and disappears down the driveway. Ned stands watching her until she is out of sight.

CUT TO:

A COUNTRY ROAD

og

Ned is walking moodily down a quiet country road. A little dog runs out of a woods and starts to follow him. It is a smooth haired fox terrier, white with a black spot here and there.

Ned stubs his toe on a rock and swears with pain. He sits down beside the road to examine the damage. The dog comes close and watches. Ned rubs his toe and looks at the dog. Its eyes are soft and sympathetic.

NED
(softly)
Come here, come here, boy.

The dog moves closer.

NED
(patting his thigh)
Come on, boy, come on.

The dog comes up to him. Ned pets it, scratches it behind the ears, takes it on his lap, strokes it affectionately. Finally he rises and starts to walk again. He looks to see if the dog is following him. It is. Ned smiles, pleased.

CUT TO:

8 THE HALLORANS

This is an estate in the full sense of the word. The huge house is set a quarter of a mile back from the road. The entrance to the drive is flanked by tall wrought iron gates, at the moment, open.

As Ned starts up the drive, a limousine turns in after him. It is driven by a young negro in a black tee shirt and slacks. Ned signals him to stop. He approaches the car smiling.

NED
Hello Steve --
(he stops)
Oh you're not Steve --

NEGRO
(amiably)
Nope.

NED
Sorry, I thought you were
Steve --

NEGRO
(kindly)
You all look alike to us too.

NED
I beg your pardon?

NEGRO
If you want the old folks they're up at the pool.

NED
I'll ride up with you.

NEGRO
Hop in.

For an instant Ned waits for him to get out, come around and open the car door. The negro shows no sign of moving. Ned is about to open the back door.

NEGRO
(softly)
In the front, Buddy.

NED
What'd you say?

With a faint smile the negro leans over and opens the front door. The Sunday Times and Tribune are lying on the seat beside him. He moves them over. After just the smallest hesitation Ned gets into the front seat beside him and slams the door. The car drives off. We see the small white dog has appeared at the entrance to the drive. He trots after the car.

NED
(after a moment)
How long've you been working for the Hallorans?

NEGRO
Just this summer.

NED
What happened to Steve?

NEGRO
They didn't like his attitude.

NED
Steve's attitude?

Indictment
of
W.A.S.P.s

✱ Similar
to
Graduate

NEGRO
The world's changed, Buddy.

NED
My name's Mr. Merrill.

NEGRO
(politely)
My name's Mr. Russell.

The car has circled the house and now comes to a stop in front of the five-car garage. Ned opens the door and steps out.

NEGRO
(thrusting the Sunday papers at him)
Take these, will you?

NED
Take them yourself.

NEGRO
Not me, man, not to the pool.
(their eyes lock. The Negro laughs)
I got a weak stomach.

Ned snatches the papers from him and strides off towards the pool. He comes to a tall beech hedge. He puts the papers down, steps out of his trunks. The dog runs up to him. Ned, stark naked, carrying both the papers and his trunks, pushes through an opening in the beech hedge. The dog follows.

The Hallorans' is the most elaborate pool we shall see in the film. Mr. and Mrs. Halloran are in their mid-sixties, both gray-haired, handsome and dignified looking and both totally naked. There is a typewriter and piles of letters and papers on the table. Mrs. Halloran is typing. Mr. Halloran is taking beech leaves out of the water with a long-handled scoop.

MRS. HALLORAN
(warmly)
Why Neddy! It's been a long time.

MR. HALLORAN
(with an amiable wave)
How are you, my boy?

NEGRO
The world's changed, Buddy.

NED
My name's Mr. Merrill.

NEGRO
(politely)
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MRS. HALLORAN
(warmly)
Why Neddy! It's been a long time.

MR. HALLORAN
(with an amiable wave)
How are you, my boy?

NED
(to Mrs. Halloran)
I'm swimming across the county.

MRS. HALLORAN
Why, I didn't know one could!

NED
I've come about five miles.

MRS. HALLORAN
(nodding and smiling)
Lovely day for it!

Ned gives her the papers.

NED
Met your new chauffeur on the way in.

MRS. HALLORAN
(happily)
He's from Mississippi!

NED
No reason to be snotty with me.

MRS. HALLORAN
(reporachfully)
Ned! We're all guilty.

NED
I've never even been to Mississippi.

MRS. HALLORAN
(another gentle reproach)
You're white.

NED
Always thought a hell of a lot of old Steve --

MRS. HALLORAN
Bowing and scraping. He got on our nerves.

MR. HALLORAN
The world's changed, Neddy.

Mrs. Halloran is rustling through a sheaf of papers on the table.

NED

So I hear. decides
(he ~~dices~~ to drop it)
If you don't mind, I'd like to have a swim --

MRS. HALLORAN

Wait a minute, Ned, I want your signature --

She pulls out a document with several dozen signatures already on it. Hands it to Ned.

NED

What is it?

MRS. HALLORAN

A petition. To change the zoning laws in the village --

MRS. HALLORAN

We're going to force them to allow those low-rent housing projects.

NED
(with a glance at the petition)
But it's a country village!

MRS. HALLORAN
(very firm)
People with low incomes like the country too, you know!

MRS. HALLORAN
(happily)
Real Estate Board's calling us communists -- as usual!

MRS. HALLORAN
(airily)
Sticks and stones can break our bones etcetera --
(she thrusts a pen at Ned)

MR. HALLORAN

Communists! We're reformers!

Ned sighs and signs the petition. He crosses to the pool and rather wearily plunges in.

MRS. HALLORAN
(low voice to her husband)
Think he's going to ask us again?

MR. HALLORAN
He'll get the same answer.

MRS. HALLORAN
Oh dear, it seems a little mean --

MR. HALLORAN
We didn't turn him down. Chandler did.
(impatiently)
That's why I set up a Foundation and hired Chandler. So no one can say we're mean. Chandler's mean.

Ned reaches the end of the pool, heaves himself out and comes back to pick up his trunks.

MRS. HALLORAN
I do want you to know, Neddy, I was terribly sorry we couldn't be of help.

NED
(puzzled)
I don't recall asking you for help.

MRS. HALLORAN
Well I -- I thought -- how're Lucinda and the girls?

NED
Lucinda's fine. And the girls are home playing tennis. Thank you for the swim.

Carrying his trunks, he starts for the opening in the beech hedge. The dog, which has been sniffing around the hedge, follows him.

MRS. HALLORAN
Goodbye, Ned. Have a nice trip.

Ned pushes through the opening in the hedge and disappears.

CUT TO:

THE PATH

Ned pulls on his trunks and fastens them. He and the dog start up the graveled path through the Halloran estate. Along the way he passes a maple tree stripped of its leaves. They are scattered across the path. Ned stops and scrutinizes the tree. The dog stops too.

NED
(to the dog)
Blighted.

He picks up a hand full of leaves, frowns at them, tosses them away. Suddenly he feels cold. He wraps his arms around his chest and slaps at his ribs. In a moment a small contemporary house, all red wood siding and glass appears. A small pool is directly in front of it.

#9

The two people at the pool are about Ned's age. The man, Eric Sachs is emaciated and pale. He is in swimming trunks lying on a chaise lounge. The woman is his wife, Robin Sachs. She is an intelligent gentle-looking woman, her face careworn. She is reading aloud to her husband.

When she sees Ned her face lights with pleasure. She jumps up to greet him.

ROBIN
Neddy!

He kisses Robin, shakes hands with Eric who is also highly pleased.

NED
I'm terribly sorry to break in on you like this --

ROBIN
(reproachfully)
Break in on us! You should know better than that!

ERIC
We've been longing to see you. Where's Lucinda?

NED
Left her at the Westerhazys. I'm swimming home --

Robin and Eric laugh, a little confused.

NED

I figured it out. Yours is the ninth pool in the river --

They still don't seem to understand.

NED

Don't you see? The pools form a river all the way --

(he shivers)

Seem to have taken a chill. I wonder if you'd give me a drink.

ROBIN

Oh dear! What a shame! I've gotten out of the habit of buying liquor since Eric isn't allowed to drink.

NED

(to Eric)

You aren't?

ERIC

Won't even let me taste the stuff --

ROBIN

There hasn't been a drop in the house since his operation.

NED

(astounded)

Operation!

His eyes slip from Eric's face to his abdomen where we see three sutured scars, two of them almost a foot long. Eric no longer has a navel. Ned stares at the scars.

ROBIN

(gently)

It was over a year ago -- don't you remember?

ERIC

You came to see me in the hospital --

NED

The hospital?

ERIC
(smiling)
What'd you think I was doing in there? Making it with the nurses?

Ned is shivering quite obviously.

ROBIN
Oh I do wish I could give you a drink. How awful of me. Would you like some hot tea?

Ned isn't listening. His attention has been diverted by the smell of something in the air. He sniffs.

NED
Somebody is burning leaves!

He turns to the others with an expression of alarm on his face.

ROBIN
(reassuring him)
Yes, I can smell the smoke --

NED
Who would be burning leaves _now_?

ROBIN
Oh well, you know -- people rake them into piles and --

Her voice trails off. They are both watching Ned sniffing the air anxiously. There is a pause.

NED
(finally)
Okay if I get wet?

ERIC
Help yourself. Wish I could join you.

Ned dives in. The dog runs up to the edge and keeps pace with him as he travels the length of the pool. After an initial exchange of glances Eric and Robin watch him too. Ned reaches the end of the pool. With some effort and after two tries he hoists himsel over the curb. Robin crosses to him.

ROBIN
(her hand on his arm)
Neddy --

NED
(quickly)
Lucinda and I want terribly to see you. Will you come over next week?

ROBIN
Oh I'm afraid the trip's too strenuous for Eric ---

NED
Doesn't he go out at all?

ROBIN
It's too far, Neddy. Thank you anyway --

NED
Too far?
(he shivers)

ROBIN
(concerned)
You're catching cold. Why don't you go back to the Westerhazy's?

Swimming
is like
experiences
of time

NED
(astonished)
I can't! It's impossible! How can I?

ROBIN
(softly)
Please go back, Neddy --

Ned shakes her hand off his arm and strides off.

NED
(calling back to her)
I'll tell Lucinda to phone you very soon --

He sets off through a small woods adjoining the Sachs property. The dog trots after him. As he walks Ned's hand goes to his navel as if he is checking to make sure it is still there.

CUT TO:

10 THE GILMARTINS

Ned turns up a narrow road marked "Private - No Trespassing". Several large estates, widely separated from each other are on this road. Ned approaches the first driveway which winds up to a large house set among trees and shrubbery and almost obscured from our view.

An Irish setter gallops down the road. He and the dog which has been following Ned sniff at each other and run off together.

At the entrance to the drive a small boy has set up an orange crate counter on which he has a pitcher of iced lemonade and some paper cups. The boy, wearing only swimming trunks, is sitting on a stool behind the counter playing a simple tune on a "beginner's" recorder.

Dono
Melvin

He is about eleven years old, very thin, with silky blond hair and sensitive uneven features. It is obvious that very few cars come up this road and probably no pedestrians.

&

The sky has darkened by this time and the sight of the frail, half-naked boy, the plaintive sound of the recorder in the quiet air fill Ned (and us) with a sense of aching loneliness.

The boy does not put down the recorder until Ned is almost upon him.

NED
Hi.

BOY
Hi.
(indicates the pitcher)
Five cents a glass. Want some?

NED
Haven't any money.

BOY
That's all right. I won't charge you.
(he fills a cup eagerly, hands it to Ned and watches him drink)
You're shivering.

NED
(he puts down the empty cup)
Excellent.

BOY
(eagerly)
Want another? Don't worry about
(MORE)

BOY (Cont'd)
it's being fattening. That's not real sugar in it. It's my mother's fake stuff.
(he is filling another cup)

NED
Is she fat now?

BOY
She's skinny but she's afraid of getting fat.
(hands Ned the second cup)

NED
Is your mother home?

BOY
She's in Europe. It's a honeymoon so she couldn't take me.

NED
How's Gil -- how is your father these days?

BOY
He's in love with a manicurist. That's what my mother says. I have to depend on her for information.

Ned drains the second cup.

BOY
Would you like another?

NED
I don't think I have time.

The boy looks very disappointed.

NED
I want to go up to your pool.

BOY
Okay! Come on!

They go up the drive, the boy carrying his recorder.

NED
How's the lemonade business?

BOY
Oh I just set it up in case anyone did come along. My mother says
(MORE)

Metaphor

BOY (Cont'd)
you've got to get ready for things to happen because they always do.

NED
Your mother is a very wise woman.

BOY
That's why I have to learn to ride a horse -- in case something happens and it's necessary for me to ride a horse.
(Ned nods)
But why would I ever have to ride a horse?

NED
Well I --

BOY
To warn people of danger?

NED
Maybe.

BOY
I could call them on the telephone.
(he contemplates Ned earnestly)
I think horse back riding is an anachronism.

Ned raises his eyebrows and smiles at the word.

BOY
That means out of its proper historical time.

During the foregoing we have seen the pool ahead. Now as they come closer, Ned realizes it is drained.

NED
(dismayed)
It's empty!

He walks to the edge and stares, disconsolate, at the concrete vacancy.

NED
God! This does it! This really does it!
(he sits wearily)

BOY
(sitting beside him)
Does what?

NED
I'm swimming across the county, pool by pool. Now the project's ruined.

BOY
(miserably)
They took the water out because I'm not a good swimmer. I'm not much good at anything.

NED
Come on! You make fine lemonade and you play the recorder very well.

BOY
I'm bad at sports. At school nobody wants me on their team.

NED
It's a lot better that way. Sure, at first you think it's going to be the end of the world because you're not on the team and then --
(he shrugs)

BOY
(eagerly)
Then what?

NED
You realize you're free. You're your own man. You can stop worrying about the other guys on the team and whether they're going to make it to captain before you do.

BOY
They'd never elect me captain in a million years.

NED
You're the captain of your soul. That's all that counts. Know what I mean?

The boy nods gravely. They sit in silence for a moment.

NED

There's one thing I could do. I could get down there and make believe I'm swimming across the pool.

BOY

Wouldn't that be cheating?

NED

Not if I did all the strokes exactly as if I were in the water.

BOY

(happily)

That's a good idea.

NED

(he rises)

Okay, let's do it.

BOY

Me too?

NED

While we're at it we'll make believe that you are the fastest swimmer in the world.

Delighted, the boy follows him to the shallow end of the pool. They jump down to the concrete bottom.

NED

All set? Let's start off with a crawl.

Walking side by side and stroking as if they are really in the water they start off.

NED

That's right. Keep your fingers close together. Say, you've got very good form.

BOY

I've had lots of lessons. It's just that I'm afraid of the water.

They continue about a third of the way.

NED

Okay, now change to a side stroke.

They go another third of the way.

NED

Breast stroke!

They gesture the breast stroke until they come to the deep end of the pool.

BOY

(jubilant)

I've done it! I've done it!
It's the first time I've ever
swum the whole length!

NED

Congratulations!

BOY

Make-believe works doesn't it?
It really works!

They climb up the ladder.

BOY

Let's do it again!

NED

I've got to be going.

BOY

(desolate)

Must you?

NED

Got a lot of pools to swim yet.
Well, so long --

BOY

So long.

NED

Thanks for the lemonade.

The boy nods. Ned starts off down the driveway. He has gone only a few yards when he hears the unmistakable sound of someone jumping up and down on a diving board. At first it doesn't register. Then he stops in his tracks, a look of intense alarm on his face. The same thought must occur to us as it occurs to him. The boy has been sold on make-believe. He is going to dive into the empty pool. Ned turns and dashes back. The boy is leaping up and down on the board.

NED
(roaring)
Hey!

The boy stops jumping and looks at him. Ned crosses to the ladder of the board.

NED
Hey, you're not thinking of _diving_, are you?

BOY
(with an amazed smile)
Of course not!

He comes down off the board to Ned.

NED
(indicating pool)
You'd land on your head down there --

BOY
Boy! That would be a mess!

NED
So you'd better not try any dives.

BOY
I wouldn't do that.

NED
(sternly)
Promise?

BOY
Promise.
(then, as if explaining to a little child)
I know the difference between what's make believe and what's real.

Ned gives him a thoughtful look. It is really himself that he is thinking about.

NED
Well -- be seeing you --

BOY
Bye.

Ned walks away. This time while he is going down the driveway he hears the sound of a recorder playing the same tune as before. Again, the simple paintive melody fills him with pain.

As he reaches the road, the dog trots over to join him.

CUT TO:

#11

THE BISWANGERS

As the Biswangers would say, they are having a big "affair". It is the same kind of poolside cocktail party as the Bunkers, yet the setting and guests are quite different. There is an air of vulgar display about both. The guests are expensively dressed but in an overstated style. The pool is some fancy far-out shape. The garden furniture is garish and on the lawn nearby is a tall plaster pink heron poised on one leg and a family of plaster ducks. The dog stays behind to investigate them.

Grace and Henry Biswanger are the kind of people who ask the opthamalogist, the veterinarian, the real estate dealer to their parties as well as business friends. We will remember that in the opening scene of the film Henry Biswanger was referred to as an ambulance chaser, which may or may not be true, and that Grace Biswanger wears a yellow wig even when she's in a bathing suit. The latter is true. She also wears a big diamond ring.

As Ned approaches the terrace we see that this is the kind of party where the men talk to the men and the women to the women. No one is in the pool.

Grace Biswanger spots Ned immediately and comes towards him with a bellicose expression.

GRACE
(loudly)
Why this party has everything, including a gate-crasher!

A few people turn around to stare.

NED
(trying charm)
Grace! I thought you'd be glad to see me!

GRACE
Why should I be glad to see you?

NED
(deciding to face up to her)
You've invited us so many times, I thought --

GRACE
You thought wrong, Buster.

NED
(politely)
As a gate-crasher, do I rate a drink?

GRACE
Suit yourself.

She turns her back on him and walks away. Ned weaves through the crowd towards the bar. A few people nod coolly.

Two or three people are standing at the bar. A white bartender is making drinks.

NED
I'll have a gin on the rocks please.

The bartender gives him an icy look and doesn't answer.

NED
Gin on the rocks -- when you have a chance.

The bartender still doesn't acknowledge his presence. A man pushes up to the bar.

MAN
Two daiquiris.

The bartender begins to mix that.

NED
(louder)
Bartender! I asked you for a --

BARTENDER
(rudely)
Hold your horses, will ya?

Finally, after he has served the daiquiris, he deigns to mix Ned's drink. He slaps it down hard on the bar, not even in front of Ned. Ned glares at him. The bartender gazes off into space. Ned picks up the drink and wanders through the crowd.

He comes upon Henry Biswanger talking to two men. He loiters nearby, eavesdropping.

HENRY
... best beef you ever ate in your life. Six steaks to a box, $24.75. Get it? Under $25. Tax-free gift!

A white-coated waiter comes by with a tray. On it is a large bowl of caviar and fixings.

HENRY
(to waiter)
Hey! Over here!

The waiter serves them.

SECOND MAN
(piling the caviar on a slice of toast)
I could eat this stuff all day --

HENRY
Fresh too. Four ounces, fourteen dollars. Know how little four ounces is?

FIRST MAN
Must be sixteen ounces in that bowl --

HENRY
(his mouth full)
Fifty-six dollars.

When the waiter leaves them, Ned gestures to him. The waiter deliberately ignores the gesture and goes the other way. Ned's reaction is half-puzzled, half-angry. He continues to eavesdrop on Henry who is now displaying the lining of his raw silk jacket.

HENRY
... same silk they use for the Cardinals' robes. Cost me $85 in Rome.

FIRST MAN
(with a whistle)
Would have cost $185 here!

HENRY

$85! Look at the workmanship on those buttonholes!

The men look. Ned moves closer and peers over their shoulders.

HENRY

(coldly)

Hello Ned. I didn't know you were expected.

NED

I wasn't.

HENRY

Free-loading, huh?

NED

(holding up his glass)

One gin. Ninety cents.

HENRY

(nasty)

Is that some kind of a crack?

NED

Well, you're always talking about money --

(he smiles and shakes his head)

Worse than eating peas off a knife.

He moves casually away. It is clear Henry would like to hit him. Ned moves past another group of men. One of them is telling a story. The others are listening with broad grins. Ned stops and listens too.

MAN

... so he got hold of this chemical, see. Absolutely harmless -- doesn't hurt you. Just -- if you do it in the pool the water turns purple. Vivian and Paul and Max and Ruth came over -- and he warned them. "I got this chemical in the pool so don't do it in the pool!" Then Ethel and Larry came. Ethel goes straight for the pool. Says she's hot, dying to cool off -- you know. So she gets in the pool and she's standing there in up to her waist and suddenly all around her the water turns purple!

The listeners whoop and scream and fall out with laughter.

NED
(distinctly)
I think that's a disgusting story.

FIRST MAN
(turning to stare
at him)
Who asked you?

SECOND MAN
Nobody around here cares what you
think!

NED
You cared when you wanted to get
into the Oak Hills Club --

SECOND MAN
You know what you can do with
your Oak Hills Club!

Henry has come up. He stands menacingly close to Ned.

HENRY
You crashed in -- I suggest you
crash the hell out.

NED
(softly)
With pleasure.

He puts down his glass and takes a running dive into the pool. During this swim, whenever he opens his eyes, he sees groups of hostile faces around the pool watching him.

(No hot Dog cart)

CUT TO:

SHIRLEY ABBOTT'S

As Ned approaches the pool we see a woman sitting on a heavy mat on the terrace beside it. Her name is Shirley Abbott. She is an actress in her mid-thirties -- striking looking with interesting mobile features. She is wearing a bathing suit. On a small table beside her are several play scripts, cigarettes, a bottle of sun-tan oil, a pair of dark glasses. As Ned gets nearer we can see that she has a magnifying glass in one hand, a pair of eyebrow tweezers in another and is concentrated on trying to get a sliver out of the bottom of her foot. She doesn't see Ned until he is almost upon her. When she does look up at him hurt and surprise flash across her face which almost at once becomes expressionless. Ned greets her with his most charming smile.

SHIRLEY
What do you want?

NED
I'm swimming across the county --

SHIRLEY
Good Christ. Will you ever
grow up?

She turns her attention back to the sliver. She is unsuccessful. Ned kneels down in front of her, gently takes the glass and tweezers from her and after a moment is able to pull out the sliver. He strokes her foot fondly. Suddenly he presses his lips to the calf of her leg. Just as suddenly she kicks out at him, pushing him away and off balance.

NED
What'd you do that for?

SHIRLEY
Don't get familiar with me.

NED
What?

SHIRLEY
Our familiar days are over.

NED
For God's sake, Shirley --

SHIRLEY
If you've come here for money I
won't give you another cent.

NED
Money? You're crazy. Everyone's
gone crazy today! The Biswangers
snubbed me. Everyone at their
party snubbed me.
(more astonished)
The caterer's men snubbed me!

SHIRLEY
As you know, the caterer's men keep
the social score around here.

NED
They ought to be honored to give me a drink.

SHIRLEY
(a short laugh)
You have suffered a loss of, shall we say, social esteem in this community.

NED
(suddenly folding his arms across his bare chest)
I'm cold. Must have come six miles. Got any gin?

SHIRLEY
Help yourself.

He crosses to a drink tray set up on a low table nearby and begins to mix a martini. His back is to Shirley. She is looking at him with pain, with pleading. We have a sense that she has been deeply hurt by him.

NED
We're running out of vermouth.

SHIRLEY
(her face hardens instantly)
We? Aren't you a little confused this afternoon?

NED
(turning)
Want one?

SHIRLEY
(glaring at him)
No.

NED
Oh come on -- you always said I made the best martinis --

SHIRLEY
No!

He turns back to the tray. This time Shirley's face stays hardened.

SHIRLEY
How's Lucinda?

NED

Fine.

SHIRLEY

And the girls?

NED

Fine. Just fine.

She gives him a disgusted look, picks up a cigarette and lights it. Ned crosses to her, sits cross legged on the terrace.

NED
(raising his glass)
Here's to --
(her glare stops him)
Well, cheers.
(he takes a long drink, then expansively)
Remember that hotel in Philadelphia --

SHIRLEY
(quickly)
No.

NED

Sure you do. Room Service sent up martinis and --

SHIRLEY
(snapping at him)
I told you I don't remember.

NED

Shirl, we're still friends, aren't we?

SHIRLEY

No.

NED

Don't you like me at all anymore?

SHIRLEY

No.

During the foregoing the dog has appeared on the edge of the lawn. Now he bounds over to Ned, leaps at him, almost spilling his drink. Ned pats him.

SHIRLEY

Where'd he come from?

NED
(with a shrug)
Followed me.
(the dog licks his face)
He likes me.

SHIRLEY
He's a dog.

NED
(gesturing at the scripts)
Anything good?

SHIRLEY
Not in that pile. Miles Chapin wants me to read his new play.

NED
Great! He's the best writer for you. God, you were terrific in that comedy! I should know -- must have seen it a hundred times. Remember the opening in Toronto? All that snow -- I hired a horse-drawn sleigh -- remember?

SHIRLEY
(putting on her sun glasses)
I told you -- I don't remember anything.

During the foregoing a maid has come out of the house with a tray of canapes, olives, etc. Now she puts them down on the table. Her face lights up when she recognizes Ned.

MAID
Mr. Merrill! You're a sight for sore eyes!

NED
(rises to shake hands with her)
How are you, Hilda?

SHIRLEY
(impatiently)
That'll be all, Hilda. Don't bring the shrimp out till I call you.

MAID
Okay Miss Abbott --
(MORE)

MAID (Cont'd)
(to Ned)
It's a treat to see you, Mr. Merrill.

She goes back to the house.

NED
Hilda still likes me.

SHIRLEY
She's a maid.

NED
(with a glance at the tray)
Expecting some people?

SHIRLEY
A person.

NED
(after a moment)
Let's have lunch together this week. A friendly lunch.

SHIRLEY
Think you can pay the check?

NED
That's hitting below the belt.

SHIRLEY
What've you got to hit at below the belt?

Ned reaches out and gently removes her sun glasses. He looks at her. She stares contemptuously back at him.

NED
I miss you --

SHIRLEY
I don't miss you at all.

She picks up the bottle of sun-tan oil, begins to apply it to her arms and legs.

NED
You can't just -- wipe out everything we've had --

SHIRLEY
Why can't I?

NED
What could I have done? Especially after -- after -- you know --

SHIRLEY
(bitterly)
Relax. You did the right, good, decent, noble thing.

NED
Tell me what I could have done.

SHIRLEY
(continuing with the sun-tan oil)
I'll tell you what you can do now. You can get the hell out of here for good. Leave me alone.

NED
You know how it -- how it tore me apart -- to see you crying and --

SHIRLEY
Actresses cry easily, you fool. Trick of the trade.

A pause.

NED
Here, let me do your back.

SHIRLEY
No.

NED
(snatching the bottle from her)
Oh come on --

She utters a long sigh, then turns over exasperatedly on her stomach. Tenderly he rubs the oil on her back.

NED
It wasn't true what you said, was it? That you don't remember anything?

She doesn't answer. He strokes the oil down her spine even down under her very low cut suit. We see her face which is turned away from him. She looks anguished, on the edge of tears.

NED
Let's go away somewhere for a few days.

SHIRLEY
(blinking back her tears)
Not on your life!

NED
I could manage it -- right after the Fourth --

SHIRLEY
The Fourth! Are you talking about the Fourth of *July*?

NED
(rubbing her back)
We'll go to Ireland!

We see Shirley's lips compressed with rage.

NED
I read about a great old castle over there -- a real castle with a moat and a drawbridge and everything -- built by some king hundreds of years ago. It's an Inn now with about a dozen guest rooms and crazy old carved four posters with canopies and big wide beds and --

SHIRLEY
Oh God, you're *incredible* --

Suddenly Ned stretches out beside her, his body very close to hers.

NED
Shirley --

SHIRLEY
(trying to push him)
Go away --

NED
(he puts his arm over her)
You don't want me to. You're lying.

SHIRLEY

I've lied to you a lot but I'm not lying now!

She struggles to get away from him. Finally she wrests herself free, leaps up from the mat.

SHIRLEY

Don't touch me!

She runs to the pool and plunges in. He jumps up and follows her. She swims only a few strokes before he has caught her.

SHIRLEY

Stop it! Let go!

NED

We made love in this pool. Don't tell me you don't remember! Please -- the way we used to do -- you loved it --

SHIRLEY

I lied!

He is trying to pull down the straps of her bathing suit. She is kicking and hitting at him.

NED

You loved it in the pool --

He has the straps of her bathing suit down. She is half naked. She continues to wrestle and struggle desperately with him. The bathing suit rips. Finally she pulls away from him and swims a few feet. She rushes, sobbing and outraged up the steps of the pool. Ned is standing waist high in the water. Holding her tattered suit up to cover her, Shirley screams at him.

SHIRLEY

I _lied_! _I lied all the time_! Telling you I loved it _anywhere_ with you. You bored me to death! Swigging gin and boasting about your deals and your golf scores and your old girls and your old war and your old prep school and your old bloody duty to your wife and kids!

NED

(quietly)

You loved it.

SHIRLEY

I played a scene with you!
And you thought you were a great
lover!

NED

(urgently)

You loved it.

SHIRLEY

It was a fake! I was fooling you!
You met your match in me you
suburban stud! I'm an actress!

Her words are like a fist smashed into Ned's face. His eyes are wild, his mouth slack. He throws back his head and bellows to the sky.

NED

YOU LOVED IT!

Crying hysterically Shirley turns and runs towards the house. At this moment a man appears walking towards the pool from the driveway. He is about thirty, wears elegant faggoty country clothes and carries a script under his arm. He halts and looks appalled after the half naked weeping Shirley. Then he looks at Ned. Ned's expression is stoney and vacant. He swims the rest of the pool. This time he does not hoist himself out but climbs the stairs and without a backward glance walks slowly away. The dog who has been playing around the bushes streaks after him.

CUT TO:

THE THROUGHWAY

The Sunday traffic is heavy and cars of all descriptions whizz by. Ned is standing on the shoulder of the road waiting for a chance to get across. At a discreet several feet behind him sits the small dog.

It is by now late afternoon, at times the sun is covered by a cloud. Ned shivers from the cold. He looks pitiful in his half nakedness, his arms wound around his bare chest. Every time he thinks he might have a chance to dash for the grass divider in the middle of the road, a car comes hurtling towards him and he jumps back.

He is the object of all kinds of scorn and ridicule from the occupants of the passing cars. Some peer at him as if he is crazy, some point and laugh, a beer can is thrown at him. He dodges it. Several people shout at him but he can't decipher the words. From the backs of station wagons little children make faces, thumbs in their ears waggle their fingers, or simply wave. No one makes the least attempt to slow up to let him cross. In fact some drivers seeing his intention speed up as they approach him.

Ned feels the indignity of his position and appearance. He looks tense and miserable. He coughs. He hops up and down to warm himself. He notices the dog at one point and roars at it: "Go home! Go home! Get away! Go!" He takes a threatening step towards the dog. Picks up a small stone and throws it at him. The dog retreats. Ned returns to the side of the road. The dog trots back, sits and waits.

Finally an old man tooling down the highway at fifteen miles an hour gives him a chance to cross. He dashes for the grass divider and makes it safely. Now he has the long lines of traffic speeding in the other direction.

The same ridicule from this traffic is heaped upon him. He watches alertly for a chance to cross. He doesn't see the dog which has now approached the very edge of the road and is clearly intending to come after him.

Finally there is a gap in the traffic and Ned sprints across to the other side of the highway. He glances behind him and sees that the dog is about to step into the road. He shouts again "Go back! Go back! Wait! Go home! Wait!" He gestures frantically. The dog trots out into the road. For a moment it seems as if he might make it to the grass divider but he has misjudged and a speeding car hits him head on and tosses him several feet into the air.

Ned is devastated. His face is contorted with horror. Several speeding cars pass over the unmoving small white body. The dog is dead. There is no way even to go back and pick up his body.

After a moment Ned turns and dragging his feet, his shoulders bowed, his head bent walks slowly down a slope away from the highway. He begins to mumble to himself. At first his words are barely audible.

NED

Wasn't my fault ... told him not to follow me ... tried to stop him ... God knows I tried to stop him ...

(MORE)

NED (Cont'd)
(his eyes tear)
... he kept coming along ...
If I'd known ... I'd have picked
him up and carried him ... how
could I know? ... wasn't my fault ...

The tears spill over and down his cheeks. He comes to a small road, two or three houses on it. We see a curl of smoke rising from the chimney of one of them. Ned looks at the smoke as he passes.

NED
Burning wood in their fireplace ...
why are they burning wood in their
fireplace this time of the year?

me

He plods along the road, weeping. From somewhere not too far away -- we hear a train whistle blowing.

CUT TO:

#12 PUBLIC POOL

The Recreational Center Pool is guarded by a one story red brick building dressed up with colonial touches such as white shutters and a fake bell tower.

Behind it we can see part of a huge pool enclosed by a high wire fence. At each end of the pool, their chairs perched on high white wooden platforms, are the life guards. We can hear the sound of the crowd shouting, laughing, splashing and constantly at irregular intervals the life guards' police whistles and then their bellowing through a public address system a series of warnings and instructions to the swimmers.

A middle aged man and woman carrying bathing suit bags are approaching the entrance. The man is bald and wears a loud sport shirt. The woman is plump and wears slacks. Their names are Howie and Lillian Hunsacker.

LILLIAN
(scanning the again over-
cast sky)
Going to rain.

HOWIE
What's it matter you'll be wet
anyway.

At this point Ned walks rapidly past them and up to the turnstile ticket booth. Seeing him, the man pokes the woman. They both react sharply to Ned's presence. Howie's mouth tightens. Lillian gasps and glares.

On the ticket booth is a sign: "Adults -- 50¢
Children -- 25¢"

We see that Ned is arguing with the ticket-taker. He turns around in despair. The man and woman have caught up with him. Ned smiles with relief and recognition.

NED

Howie!

HOWIE

Hello Mr. Merrill.

NED

Howie, lend me fifty cents, will you?

LILLIAN

(angrily)

Don't you do it, Howie!

HOWIE

Why not? What's fifty cents more or less, considering?

He slaps a fifty cent piece down on the ticket booth.

NED

Thanks a lot, Howie.

He hurries inside. Lillian glowers after him.

Ned enters the men's locker room. There are a couple of people ahead of him at the counter where baskets for clothes and dog tags are given out. He gets into line until he realizes that he has no need for a basket. He starts to cross to the open door to the pool area.

ATTENDANT

(shouting)

Hey! Hey you! Hey you in the trunks!

Ned turns.

ATTENDANT
you take a shower?

Ned shakes his head.

ATTENDANT
Can'tcha read, Buddy?

He points to a large sign. Ned looks at it.

"ALL SWIMMERS MUST TAKE A SHOWER BEFORE USING
THE POOL.
ALL SWIMMERS MUST USE THE FOOT BATH.
ALL SWIMMERS MUST WEAR THEIR IDENTIFICATION
DISCS."

Ned cross to a shower booth, enters, closes the door, turns the water on full force, stands under it a split second, turns off the water and leaves the booth. He crosses to the open door again. An attendant beside the foot bath glares at his feet, battered, scratched and still filthy.

ATTENDANT
Hey Mac! You take a shower?

Ned nods.

ATTENDANT
Faked it huh? Go on back and
wash those feet.

Wearily Ned crosses back to the showers. The booths are all occupied now. He feels dizzy. The room reels before his eyes. He closes his eyes and leans against a shower door for support. The door opens suddenly and Ned falls in upon the man coming out. It is Howie. Howie grabs him by the shoulders and pushes him back. Gives him a dirty look and walks past him. Ned enters the shower. This time he soaps his feet and rinses them under the water, wincing as he does so. They are bruised and sore. The soap hurts the cuts. Gently his hands rub them again and again to get the dirt off. His dizziness returns for a moment. He supports himself against the side of the booth.

He comes out of the shower and crosses again to the attendant beside the door. The attendant gives him a surly look and then gazes at his feet with distaste.

ATTENDANT
Spread your toes.

Ned balances on one foot while he spreads his toes apart with his hands. The attendant peers into the cervices between them. Ned repeats this business with the other foot.

ATTENDANT

Bottoms.

Ned holds up the sole of each foot in turn. The attendant waves him on. He steps into the foot bath and through the door. He is in the pool area. The crowd in the area, the pool jammed with people, the shrill sound of voices confuses him at first. He looks about uncertain at which end of the pool to begin his swim. He finally figures out which is the deep end and crosses towards it. A couple of children run into him and almost knock him down.

LIFE GUARD
(through public address
system)
Cut out the running you two kids!
No running in the pool area!

Ned finds an empty place in the pool and plunges in. It is an awkward tired dive, his body is bent, his legs fly apart.

He comes up spluttering with disgust at the taste of the chlorine in the water. With difficulty he continues his way towards the other end of the pool having to keep his head above water to avoid collisions but even so bumped into, splashed and jostled.

As Ned is swimming we see that he is being watched carefully by Howie and Lillian now in their bathing suits, and another couple whom they have joined. The other couple are a few years younger than the Hunsackers but the expressions on their faces are equally grim. Their names are Jack and Sylvia Kaplan.

As Ned reaches the shallow end of the pool all four of them rise and approach the place where Ned will be getting out.

Ned has to stand up and walk through the last few feet of the pool since the water is barely higher than his knees. Immediately a whistle blows and the life guard's megaphone is pointed at him.

LIFE GUARD
(bellowing)
Hey you! You without the identification disc! Get outa the water!

Ned is not aware he is being shouted at. He is eager to get out of the water anyway. He hoists himself tiredly over the edge of the pool.

With angry determination the two couples converge on him and surround him.

NED
(to Howie)
Brother! There's a lot of chlorine in that water!

HOWIE
You know how it is -- plain folks got germs!

JACK
(interrupting)
Hello Mr. Merrill.

NED
Hello uh -- uh --

JACK
Jack. Jack Kaplan. You remember me, don't you?

NED
Sure, Jack.

JACK
Guess you come over to see how the other half get wet, huh?

SYLVIA
Whatsa matter? Your friends pools run outa water?

HOWIE
Don't they let you in the Oak Hills Club any more!

JACK
So how you been Mr. Merrill?

NED
(aware of their hostility but at the moment unable to explain it to himself)
Fine, thanks.

JACK
Reason I wonder how you been is we haven't seen you for a long time.

NED
I -- I don't get into the village much --

HOWIE
You used to get in a lot. Could count on seein' you maybe four-five times a week in my place.

LILLIAN
(to the others)
So he gives 'im special treatment -- a charge account!

HOWIE
(to Ned)
People who come in my place have a few drinks maybe eat something and pay cash. You're the first dead-beat I ever got in my place.

LILLIAN
We're decent people trying to make a living --

JACK
I been carryin' you for months now --

SYLVIA
You use our market to feed your kids -- we got kids too, you know.

NED
Well I -- I'm going to send you a check tomorrow --

HOWIE
That's what you said last time!

JACK
Every time -- you tell me you're sending a check.

SYLVIA
What's more we bring up our kids to behave themselves. Our kids
(MORE)

SYLVIA (Cont'd)
don't run around in fancy cars
and smash people up!

HOWIE
(to the others)
Those girls of his -- they've
messed around with every boy in
town --

NED
(giving Howie a short
angry push)
You leave my girls out of this --

HOWIE
(pushing Ned hard)
Keep your hands off me!

Ned pulls his arm back and punches Howie with all the strength he has left. The blows hits Howie on the side of the face. He staggers backwards and falls. The women scream. The life guard's whistle blows. A crowd has gathered in an instant. Ned turns and runs. He dashes nimbly through the groups of sunbathers now all sitting up and staring at the cluster at the shallow end of the pool, finds an exit door in the wire fence, unlatches it and rushes out. He runs past the handball courts, across a parking lot and up a road.

CUT TO:

12 THE HAMMARS

A simple rectangular pool. In the background a large old gabled house surrounded by stately trees. The house has been built long before most of the other houses we see in the film.

Several yards away from the pool is a lovely garden. Mrs. Hammar, an old lady is bending over to cut the flowers. She has a flat wicker basket on one arm on which she lays them gently. She is over seventy with snow white hair, a majestic figure and aristocratic features. She wears pearls and a graceful print dress -- very much the grande dame.

She hears Ned splashing in the pool and straightens up, surprised. She cannot tell who it is from this distance. She lays the garden shears on the basket on her arm and walks slowly towards the pool. By the time she is quite close and Ned is three quarters of the way towards the opposite end, she recognizes him. She stops rigid with fury. Her eyes flash, her face hardens, she breathes faster. For the first time, Ned does not hoist himself out of a pool. He climbs the ladder, clinging exhaustedly to the rail. Mrs. Hammar crosses to confront him.

NED
(with a tired smile)
Good afternoon, Mrs. Hammar.

MRS. HAMMAR
(with visibly
controlled rage)
You're Ned Merrill, aren't you?

NED
That's right. I'm a friend of
Bob's and Barbie's --

MRS. HAMMAR
Friend! How dare you use that
word?

NED
(taken aback)
Well I -- I don't know what --

MRS. HAMMAR
Who gave you permission to use
my pool?

NED
Nobody, I just --

MRS. HAMMAR
So you are a trespasser as well as
everything else!

NED
(apologetic)
I wasn't really using the pool.
I was swimming through it --

MRS. HAMMAR
This is private property!

NED
(wearily, faltering)
I was at the Westerhazes and I --
I decided to -- to swim clear across
the county, so I -- so I --

MRS. HAMMAR

I assume you're intoxicated.

NED

No, not at all --

MRS. HAMMAR

Of course you're intoxicated!

NED

No really I --
(as if humoring her)
How're Bob and Barbie?

MRS. HAMMAR
(viciously)
How do you think they are? If your brain isn't too wet to think?

NED
(backing up)
Well I -- I have to be on my way --

MRS. HAMMAR

Just one minute Mr. Merrill.

He stops.

MRS. HAMMAR

I want to tell you something. If you ever set foot on my property again, I'll kill you. Is that understood?

Ned swallows and nods. Mrs. Hammer suddenly snatches up the garden shears from her basket and points them at him.

MRS. HAMMAR

In fact I could kill you now!
(she steps towards him. She is moaning with grief)
I could kill you!

Ned backs up hurriedly and dashes across the lawn. In a moment he has disappeared. Mrs. Hammar's hand holding the shears drops limply to her side. Tears are running down her cheeks.

CUT TO:

#17

THE CROSSCUPS POOL

It is partially screened by a picket fence from the just-built-looking contemporary house. Since rain seems certain now someone has put plastic slip covers over the deck chair. An umbrella stuck through a table top is tightly furled. A small girl perhaps three years old is playing with a doll carriage close to the fence. A lollipop is stuck in her mouth.

Her attention is attracted by a cough. She looks up. Ned has appeared. He is exhausted and walking very slowly. He coughs again. He is heading for the swimming pool.

Silently, the little girl watches. He gets to the edge of the pool and sits down slowly as if his whole body aches. Finally, with great effort he lowers himself into the water hanging onto the edge.

When he is half way into the water a piercing siren screams through the air. Ned is terrified. He holds onto the edge of the pool, his knuckles white. The siren continues to split the air. Ned looks wildly around to see where the sound is coming from. Finally he locates an "Aqualarm" a small white machine installed at the edge of the pool. This is a device to warn pool owners when children, animals, etc. fall into the water.

We hear a screen door slamming and a woman screaming "Jennie! Jennie! Jennie!"

The little girl neither moves nor answers. The lollipop is still in her mouth.

A distraught young woman dashes around the fence.

WOMAN
Jennifer! Jennifer!

She rushes to the edge of the pool.

WOMAN
(to Ned)
My baby! Where's my baby?

Ned points to the little girl. The woman rushes to the child, snatches her up in her arms. Then she runs back to the Aqualarm and turns it off. Ned sighs with relief when the shrieking sound stops suddenly.

WOMAN
(angrily to Ned)
What are you doing in our pool?

Ned ignores her. He begins a slow side stroke to the other end of the pool. The woman is infuriated.

WOMAN

You! You there! Get out of
that pool!

Ned pays no attention to her. She turns her anger on the child in her arms.

WOMAN
Why don't you answer Mommy when I
call you? You bad naughty girl?
(she puts the child down)
Next time you answer me!

She snatches the lollipop out of the child's mouth and tosses it away. The child breaks into loud cries.

Ned reaches the end of the pool. He drags himself up the ladder, coughing and wearily starts to walk off. The woman runs after him.

WOMAN
(shouting)
I'm going to call the police!
Scaring the life out of me!
If my husband was home he'd fix
you!

Ned ignores her.

WOMAN
Who are you?

Ned stops and turns. His shoulders are sunken. He is shivering.

NED
(confused)
Who are *you*?

WOMAN
I'm Mrs. George Crosscup, that's
who I am!

NED
Crosscup.

(MORE)

NED (Cont'd)
(he thinks)
Gilmartins, Crosscups, Clydes.
One more to go.

Coughing again he wearily walks off. The woman glares after him. In the background the child is crying at the top of her lungs.

14-15

CUT TO:

THE CLYDES

The backyard of a small modest ranch house on a small modest lot. A half dozen adults -- men in loud sport shirts and shorts, women bulgy in peddle pushers and several small children are hurriedly dismantling what was to have been a picnic supper.

al
ine

Apparently they have waited hoping it was not going to rain but now the sky is slate colored and the rumble of thunder frequent. A charcoal grill is already blazing but unused and they are taking plates of frankfurters, hamburgers, potato salad, trays of beer, etc. into the kitchen.

In the center of the back yard is a very large round plastic pool. A few rubber toys float forlornly in the water.

Ned comes around the side of the house, shivering with cold, exhausted, walking with the greatest effort. The people in the yard stop what they are doing and stare at him.

Ned is transfixed at the sight of the pool. He straightens up and smiles gleefully at Mr. Clyde.

NED
My wife said you didn't have a pool!

MR. CLYDE
Well -- it's not much of a one.

NED
(beaming)
It's a pool!

(reflection, youth, vigor)

He starts towards it, stumbles, barely makes it to the edge, puts one hand on the rim to support himself and turns. He is grinning crazily.

NED
I'm so grateful. I'm just so grateful --

MR. CLYDE
(with a quick raised eyebrow at the others)
Well I -- my wife bought it.

NED
(to Mrs. Clyde)
My thanks, my deepest heartfelt thanks --

MRS. CLYDE
I happened to see it at the shopping center --

NED
You are a woman of enormous generosity --

MRS. CLYDE
(doesn't know how to take him at all)
It was at Korvette's -- end of the season sale.

NED
-- and vast foresight.

LITTLE GIRL
(tugging at one of the women)
Who is that man?

NED
I am an explorer, my dear. They warned me I'd find a dead stream here --
(he gestures at the pool)
But I have found a torrential headwater!

LITTLE GIRL
(to woman)
What did that man say?

With visible effort Ned swings one leg over the rim of the pool and then the other. The water barely reaches to the middle of his thigh. Smiling he crouches down in the water and begins to paddle across like a little child. The adults exchange glances. The children watch with mouths agape.

MAN
(low-voice)
What the hell's going on?

MR. CLYDE
Soused. Soused right out of his skull.

MAN
You know him?

MR. CLYDE
(gesturing up the hill)
That's his house up there.

Ned is half way across. A large inflated rubber duck is floating in front of him. He rests his cheek on it.

WOMAN
Makes himself right at home in the kids' pool!

ANOTHER WOMAN
He's got a nerve!

MAN
A real nut!

Ned reaches the other side of the pool and again with enormous effort climbs out of it. He is shivering uncontrollably. He crosses to Mrs. Clyde and raises her hand to his lips. Then he starts around to the front of the house and the road.

He is staggering and weaving a bit from side to side as he climbs the narrow dirt road. His chest is heaving as if every breath takes all his strength. From time to time he coughs.

Death

7th
seal?

His foot slips on the loose gravel and he falls to his knees. We feel he may never get up. He struggles to his feet. The water from his wet hair is trickling down his face. He wipes it away leaving the dirt of the road in streaks on his face.

He comes to a gatepost of his own driveway. Stops and clings to it for support. There is a streak of lightning over head and we hear thunder very loud and close. A few drops of rain spatter down.

The rain seems to rouse him a bit. He leaves the gatepost and plods up the curving driveway stooped with exhaustion.

Ahead of him we see his house -- large, grand, rather formal -- perhaps a Georgian facade. It is set on a wide and spacious lawn. A tennis court is visible at one side and to the back. Once in a while lightning illuminates the entire scene.

The rain drops are more frequent now. With a last spurt of energy Ned quickens his step. The crescent-shaped drive curves up to the front door. He manages a limping run the last few yards to the house.

He turns the knob and pushes at the door in his hurry to get inside. The door is locked. He is astounded and tries the knob again. The door will not budge. He frowns with confusion and turns the knob frantically back and forth.

Now the rain is coming in a downpour. He pounds on the door. He tries to force it open with his shoulder. The rain is flooding down upon him. Suddenly one of the gutters breaks loose and swings over the front of the house gashing his face lightly as it goes by. The gutter hangs down like an umbrella rib.

Blood trickles from the cut in Ned's face. In desperation he beats his fists against the door. Lightning flashes over the house. Thunder roars above. Ned shouts -- not words but deep bellows of anguish.

The door is solid. By contrast Ned's flailing fists seem puny and fragile. He beats continuously at the impervious oak. The veins stand out in his neck as he shouts convulsively from his very guts.

We see his agonized face streaked with rain and blood and the terror in his eyes while above him his fists pound and pound.

Slowly the CAMERA pulls away from Ned and tracks along the front of the house to a large window behind which is the unlit and dimly visible living room. The CAMERA hesitates and then as a disembodied intelligence moves through the window and enters the room.

The moment the CAMERA enters the room Ned's pounding and shouts drop sharply in volume. Later as we move through the house away from the door, they grow distant and muffled, increasing in intensity only when we come back towards the door.

We are in the living room of the house -- totally empty. Beautiful molding and paneling, rectangles of pale paint on the wall where pictures once hung, fireplace with andirons still in it but tarnished -- a worn broom leaning against one wall.

We travel the length of this room through a door which leads us into the library. The shelves are empty -- perhaps a tattered telephone book on one of them and on the floor a telephone.

Not hesitating the CAMERA moves through this room and into a small bar, also totally empty except for some kind of humorous corkscrew lying on the counter.

We move on to the kitchen. By this time the sounds of Ned are barely audible. The kitchen is large, well-equipped but worn and dusty. We see a small bulletin board with one or two scraps of paper fastened to it still. As the CAMERA passes the board we may read something entirely neutral on the papers -- e.g. "Mr. Seligman -- slip covers -- CA 7-4331".

We travel through the kitchen and through an open door into a large formal dining room, also paneled, also with a fireplace. One of the electric sconces has come loose and is hanging by its cord against the wall. Ned is more audible now.

We leave the dining room through a spacious archway to the front hall. Across the hall we see the living room. We travel along the wide hall towards the front door. The closer we get the clearer are the sounds of pounding and shouting.

We move closer and closer to the door until it nearly fills the screen. Our attention is centered on the doorknob which is turning urgently back and forth, back and forth. Now the sound of Ned's fists and his shouting reach their full intensity on the sound track.

Slowly we

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END